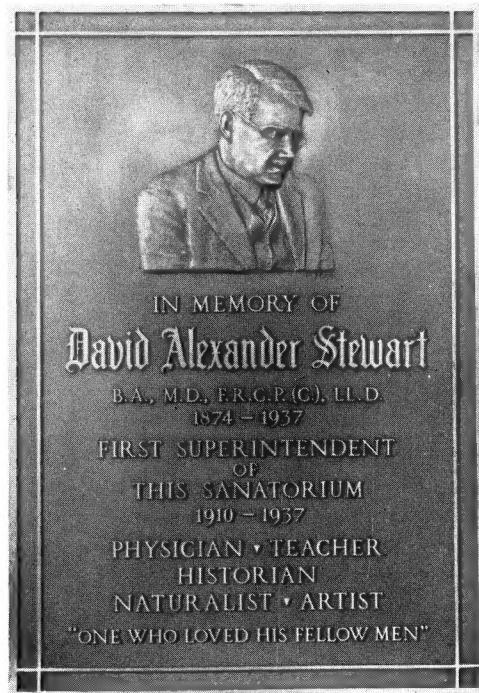


Dedication
and
Unveiling
of
Dr. David A. Stewart Memorial
Manitoba Sanatorium
Ninette, Canada
July 24, 1940

Todd- Please Return.



FOREWORD

SO outstanding was the work of Doctor D. A. Stewart, first Superintendent of Manitoba Sanatorium, in combatting Tuberculosis and so great his qualities of mind and heart, that on his death the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba decided there should be an enduring memorial to the man.

After much deliberation, agreement was reached as to its form and site, and on a cloudless midsummer afternoon the formal dedication and unveiling took place.

The rugged simplicity of the granite boulder would have appealed to Doctor Stewart, yet the rock is only a symbol, for the true memorial lives in the minds and hearts of those who knew him and the tradition of his devotion to duty and his love of humanity will be treasured by their children's children.

Introductory Remarks

By JOHN McEACHERN
Chairman of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba

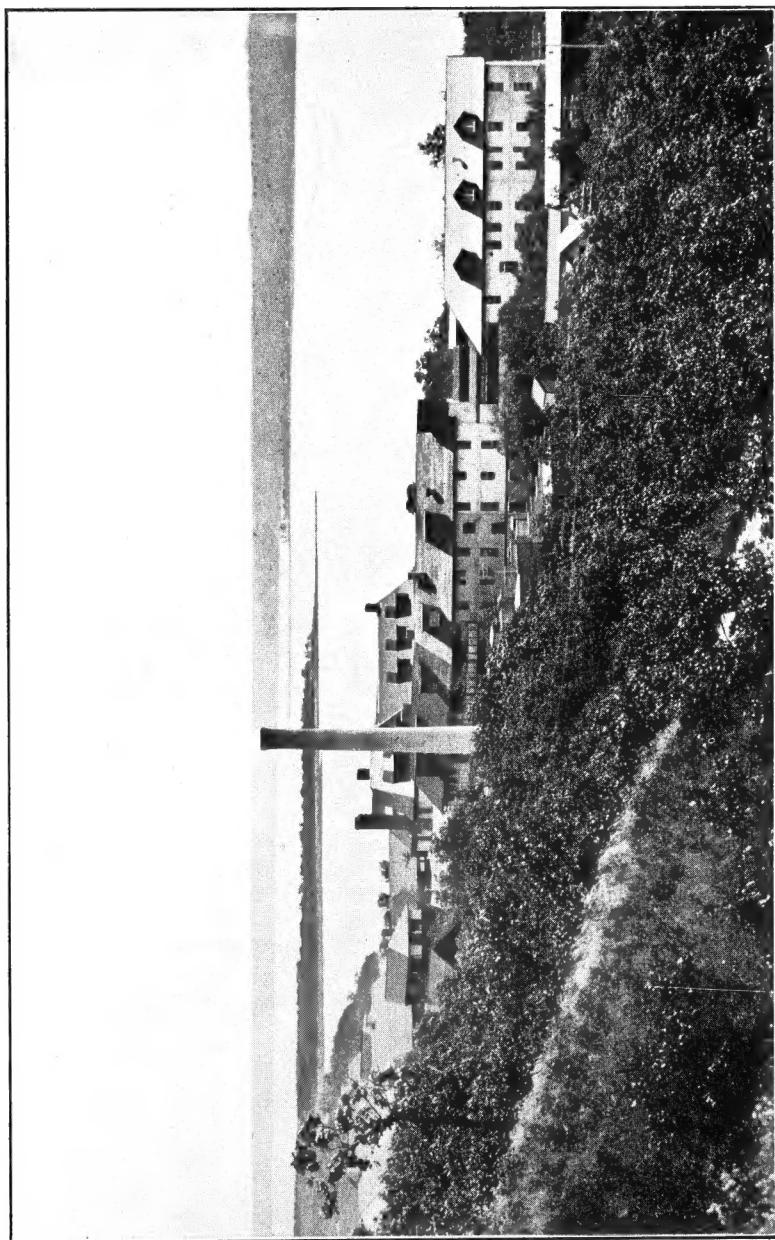


We meet today in the grounds of the Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette, to do honour to the memory of Doctor David Alexander Stewart.

For those who are gathered here, there is little need to recite what Dr. Stewart meant to this Institution and to those who were a part of it at any time during his administration; but, there will be those in the wider audience reached by radio who are not so well acquainted with the full stature of the man.

When Manitoba decided in 1908 that it should have a Sanatorium, Dr. Stewart became the Executive Officer of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, and when the new buildings were opened two years later he was appointed Superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium. For twenty-seven years, until the day of his death, he directed the affairs of the Institution. His life work was the prevention and treatment of Tuberculosis, and from the parent Sanatorium at Ninette, Dr. Stewart's influence was felt in many other similar Institutions in Canada, the United States, and abroad.

But beyond his distinction as an administrator and public health physician, he was a man of broad sympathies, and his contribution to the historical, educational and cultural life of Manitoba is of permanent value. Life offered him zest given to few. His personal charm, his happiness in his work, the diversity of his interests, his success in many spheres of activity, his sincere love for his fellow men, drew to him a wide circle of friends from all walks of life. His life is an inspiration and his memory a benediction.

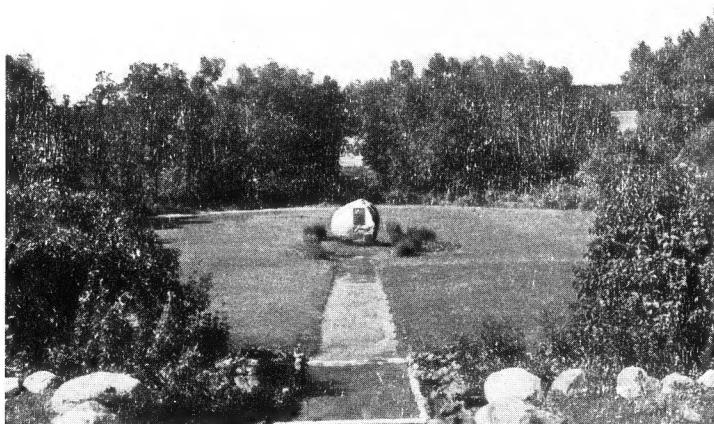


The Sanatorium from the Hill

Description of the Memorial

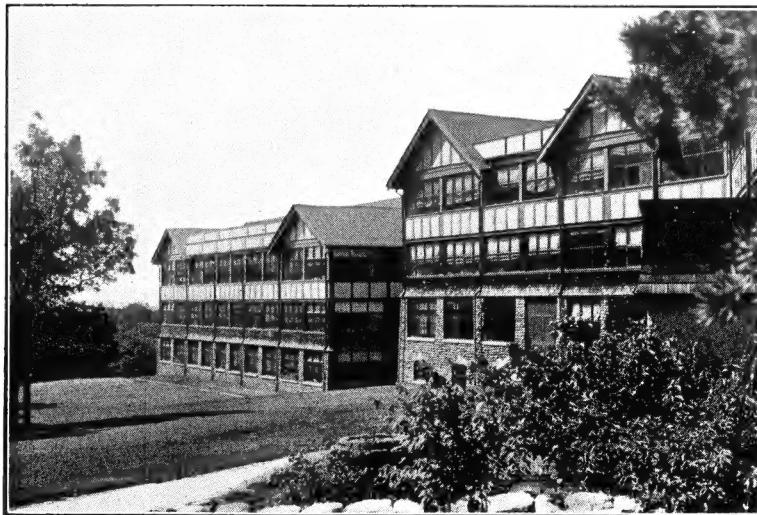


The memorial is a large red granite boulder over seven feet high and weighing about fifteen tons. It has not been quarried, but is a natural boulder carried down from the north by glaciers during the ice age. For more than twenty thousand years it had rested on the highlands of Eastern Manitoba before being brought here and placed in the centre of the park in front of the Sanatorium, to form an imperishable memorial to Dr. Stewart.



On the side of the boulder facing the Administration Building, the first edifice on this site, is a bronze tablet bearing Dr. Stewart's profile in low relief, below which is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
DAVID ALEXANDER STEWART
B. A., M. D., F. R. C. P. (C), LL. D.
1874 — 1937
FIRST SUPERINTENDENT
OF
THIS SANATORIUM
1910 — 1937
PHYSICIAN — TEACHER
HISTORIAN
NATURALIST — ARTIST
“ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW MEN”



Part of the Infirmary Buildings



An Infirmary Balcony

Dr. Stewart: The Physician

By ROSS MITCHELL, M.D.
Member of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba



It is a matter of regret that Dr. E. W. Montgomery, who was to have addressed you on "Doctor Stewart as a Medical Man" is not able to do so for reasons of health. As a prime mover in the agitation for a Sanatorium in Manitoba, a member of the Sanatorium Board from its inception, a Professor of Medicine in the University, and as the first medical Minister of Health in this Province, Dr. Montgomery was the one best fitted for this task. My sole qualification for this duty is a particularly close friendship for forty years with Dr. Stewart, broken only by his death. This friendship began in college days; three years in Manitoba College, four years in Medical College where we worked side by side, two years in the Winnipeg General Hospital as internes, pleasant associations between our families, like tastes in hobbies, all tended to create a bond between us which was essentially that existing between an older and a younger brother.

HIS FAMILY HERITAGE

It was my privilege to know his father, Francis Beattie Stewart, and his mother, Elizabeth Farquharson Stewart. The Stewarts, Farquharsons, Fletchers, and Maitlands of Cronar, in the Dee Valley. Aberdeenshire, neighbored, intermarried, crossed the ocean, founded homes in Kent County, Ontario, and begat descendants who have held places of light and leading in Church and State. In 1891 Francis Stewart and his wife moved to Manitoba, settling near Morden. Though they were not able to leave their children much worldly goods, they did give them a good education, and dying, bequeathed to them gifts of energy and fine character. David Alexander was the eldest son in a family that has been notable for its achievements. His mother's brother was the late Dr. James Farquharson, for many years Home Mission Superintendent in the Manitoba North West Territories for the Presbyterian Church, and a frequent visitor to the Stewart home. It was only natural that David should be destined for the Church, and in 1896 he entered Manitoba College where he spent three years in Arts and two years in Theology absorbing from Principal John M. King ideals of devotion to duty and zeal for the welfare of those entrusted to his care.

In the summer of 1901 the young theological student had a mission at Frank, Alberta, in the Crow's Nest District. The little mining town nestled under the shadow of Turtle Mountain. Early one morning the whole top of the mountain crashed down on the settlement, killing

some six hundred of its inhabitants. Stewart worked unremittingly assisting the resident doctor to care for the wounded and dying, and his admiration of the doctor and his work led him to change his vocation. In the fall of 1902 he entered Manitoba College where he spent four years. To support himself he became, in his spare time, a reporter for the Winnipeg Free Press where he came under the wise and kindly influence of that dean of Canadian newspapermen, John Wesley Dafoe. These years with the newspaper were of great benefit to him in later life.

Two more years were spent in the Winnipeg General Hospital where he became the first Resident in Medicine. The clinical experience gained there, the maturity and breadth of his mind, and above all his ability to meet people, to understand their points of view, and to impress others with his sincerity and earnestness, fitted him in the minds of his teachers as the ideal head of the new institution then being planned. Some months in New York City and an assistantship in a Connecticut Sanatorium gave him further technical knowledge of tuberculosis.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SANATORIUM

First, though, money was needed for the building and the young Doctor travelled through Manitoba lecturing, making contacts, crowding twenty-four hours of work into eighteen. The result was a breakdown from the very disease he was seeking to cure in others. This time he saw Saranac Lake Sanatorium as a patient, but the experience was not wasted for he gained the friendship of men like Trudeau, Baldwin and Lawrason Brown. In November, 1910, he was back at work, this time as actual Superintendent of Manitoba Sanatorium.

Funds for maintenance and equipment were scarce. It was often necessary to improvise, but he had the faith which moved mountains and an almost demoniac energy which he contrived to instill into others. Thus, he turned a patient with a tuberculosis kidney into one of the finest X-ray technicians I have known, and younger medical men trained in his methods went out to fill positions as superintendents of sanatoria and Tuberculosis Directors elsewhere. Voice and pen were seldom silent and it was not long before he was recognized as an authority on tuberculosis. New problems in diagnosis and treatment continued to arise but Stewart was in the forefront of progress. Travelling clinics were initiated in Manitoba in 1926. The Central Tuberculosis Clinic in Winnipeg, which serves as a clearing house, was opened in 1930 and St. Boniface Sanatorium in the following year. In 1923 Dr. Stewart was one of a party of Canadian Tuberculosis men who toured the British Isles, France and Switzerland and attended the International Tuberculosis Congress in Rome. In 1930 he played host to a party of British Tuberculosis workers who visited this Sanatorium.

When the importance of surgery in pulmonary tuberculosis was recognized, Dr. Stewart realized that patients fared better if they were not obliged to be moved to another hospital, and provision was made for operations to be performed here by a surgeon who is a member of the staff and trained specifically for this work. Nowhere on this continent is more advanced work being done than in this Sanatorium.

BROAD INTEREST IN HIS PROFESSION

It may be thought that being Superintendent of such an institution was a man-sized job, but this view does not take into account Stewart's tremendous driving force. In addition to other activities, to which Hon Ivan Schultz will direct your attention, he found time to be President of the Manitoba Medical Association, and to be Chairman for three years of the Committee on Ethics of the Canadian Medical Association. That sounds simple, but for him it meant a completely new Code of Ethics enriched with numerous quotations, publishing two articles in The Canadian Medical Association Journal, and conducting a voluminous correspondence not only with other members of the Committee across Canada, but with friends in Great Britain and the United States whose opinions he valued. He worked on this Code of Ethics literally on his deathbed. Moreover, he found somehow time for an amazing literary output.

He had a quaint idea that Medical visitors to the Sanatorium were endowed with the same energy that he possessed. Many a doctor has visited the Sanatorium thinking to spend a restful day or two here after completing his own special business. I have never known one who achieved this, not because Stewart was a poor host . . . quite the reverse . . . but he imagined that everyone wished to work as he did, so he would find some particular problem for the visitor. In some strange way and apparently inevitably the visitor would become for the time fired with Stewart's enthusiasm and would do his best with the problem, only to find his dream of leisure hopelessly shattered.

Now the human machine has its limitations, and in 1929 Stewart experienced the first symptoms of the disease which caused untold suffering and led eventually to his death eight years later. Even this illness did not keep him from working. Like Browning's Grammarian:

"So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife
Ground he at grammar."

Death claimed his faithful wife who had left the safe haven of the Sanatorium to be at her husband's side, and a few weeks later, on February 16, 1937, he too, passed to his long home.

One may ask what was his medical legacy to this Province. He brought hope, comfort and often healing to thousands of patients who

passed through the Sanatorium in twenty-seven years; he trained hundreds of medical students and doctors in physical diagnosis and fitted many for positions of trust and responsibility as Tuberculosis Leaders; he saw the general tuberculosis death rate in Manitoba cut to one-fifth of what it had been in 1910; and of still greater importance, he helped to reduce the menace of tuberculosis to the present and future health and happiness of young children to one-tenth, and all this because of his passion for suffering humanity. Like Abou Ben Adhem, David Stewart could have said to the angel: "Write me as one who loved his fellow men."



Dr. Stewart: The Man

By HON. IVAN SCHULTZ, K.C.
Minister of Education and Member of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba



A few years ago when delivering the Remembrance Day address at this Institution Dr. Stewart began by recalling that the Highland clan, on his mother's side, had, as its sacred monument, "The Cairn of Remembrance." It was only "a loose rickle of granite stones thrown together at the top of a heathered hill" and yet that simple cairn enshrined the heritage of the past and the hope of the future and so, to the members of the Clan, it was Holy Ground.

Today, in a new land, far off from the heathered hills of his ancestors, in a new world, we dedicate a memorial to this man; a memorial that is fitting because it comes from the slopes of the hills he loved so well; fitting, too, because its rocklike strength is typical of the strong determined character we all knew and revered; and fitting, too, because there is something of the eternal and everlasting in the influence of the character it commemorates.

His Vitality and Enthusiasm of Mind

It is of this influence I would for a moment speak for I think it well we should recall what manner of man this was who so profoundly affected the lives of his contemporaries and associates. What qualities of mind and heart did he possess that wove a pattern of life so varied, so lovely and so inspiring that we are grateful for the opportunity of having seen it?

Above all he believed in living with a purpose and working with enthusiasm. With Ruskin he thought:

"We are not sent into the world to do anything into which we cannot put our whole hearts. We have certain things to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all."

His enthusiasm for living made his life glow and sparkle. But he regarded it as a precious trust; and time he thought the most priceless of all possessions, and of it he wrote:

"Time for each of us is just what our little dipper has dipped once and for all from the deep rolling ocean of eternity."

It was thus to be guarded jealously and used only for great purposes. He could not tolerate idlers and he did not suffer fools gladly. Remembering his insistence that each should be up and doing I have often thought he could have found no better motto for this Institution which he founded than that engraven in the hall of one of the old English Schools:

"Either teach or learn or depart."

He was a man of great vitality of mind and had a physical vigor almost incredible in the light of his physical history. This tremendous vitality found expression in amazing industry. Like Raleigh he could "toil terribly." Of one of his great medical heroes he wrote "His motto was: 'Never Idle'." It might well have been the motto, for it certainly was the practice, of Dr. Stewart himself. Like another great American he preached "Not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life" Even institutions to him were to be living, vital things and not a mere collection of buildings with a staff. On the occasion of the visit of the Tuberculosis Section of the British Medical Association he welcomed them to this Institution in these illuminating words: "On behalf of the Manitoba Sanatorium, that living organism of chairman and board, superintendent and staff, patients and hillside, lake and sky . . ." And so this Institution was at that day and is today a living, vital thing because he breathed into it from his own great warm personality the breath of life. Nor should we forget on this occasion those he never forgot: the members of his staff and his professional and administrative associates:

"He was fortunate and wise in his choice of assistants, big enough to have about him men and women of gifts and capacity . . . They shared his ideals, he was their friend, he knew their qualities."

I have often thought that a deep and genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Remembering the physical disadvantages under which Dr. Stewart labored for the most of his life; recalling how out of sorrow and disappointment as a young man he built a new career founded on new interest — we may well wonder at the miracle of a man who could thus turn defeat into victory. And who of you that read that last heroic letter he wrote — a letter penned when he was on his deathbed — and yet facing the last and most dread enemy of all enemies he could still write of the experience to come as "The Great Adventure."

His LOVE OF LEARNING

Dr. Stewart had one great and abiding passion and that was a love of books. To him "a room without books was a body without a soul."

Books were to him more than mere collections of printed pages; they were the companions of sleepless hours, comforters on the pathway of life:

"Miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods; . . . honeycombs of dreams; orchards of knowledge; the still beating hearts of the noble dead; urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time"

But education to him meant more than mere reading; it meant learning for living. He carried his knowledge like a taper for his own light and to light the tapers of all he met. He drank much of all the founts of knowledge and wherever he stopped to drink, whether it be from the spring of experience or the well of learning "he straightway filled a cup to pass to his fellowmen."

But Dr. Stewart was no mere academic student of life. He was a part of all the life he met. To him "the only divine call a true man needed was a human need." He had a compassionate pity for all those who suffered and mercy for those that erred. He believed in the essential dignity of man, any man, every man . . . quite apart from the clothes he wore, or the titles he had, or his balance at the bank.

I remember him once reading to me a short prayer that summarized much of his way of thinking and all his living:

"Give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death loyal and loving to one another."

There are many things that might be said of this versatile mind. He saw beauty everywhere: in the flashing flight of birds, the glory of the stars, the fleeting colors of sunset, the majesty of the seas. His restless and eager mind had that insatiable curiosity that interested him in men and things; he delighted in geology: he was an enthusiastic naturalist; his own qualities of courage and endurance and fortitude enabled him to appreciate similar qualities in others and he found them reflected in the lives he made anew in historical studies.

I am deeply conscious as I speak of the inadequacy of language on an occasion such as this: how difficult it is to try and recapture the spirit of that rare and radiant personality. Fortunately many of you have no need of words to bring before you the man he was: the erect and upright body bearing a spirit as erect as itself, courageous, manly, simple-minded, pure-hearted, never flinching from obstacles; never retreating before difficulties but always fighting, striving, struggling for those things he held noblest and best. Today we dedicate a monument

to his memory but each and every one of us know the truest memorial of the man and his work would be to re-dedicate ourselves to the great cause of humanity for which he lived, and laboured and died. No! He would not have us content ourselves with the dedication of a monument to the dead except as it awakened our concern for the welfare of the living. The true purpose, then, of the memorial, is to remind us there are great things to be done, fights to be fought and battles to be gained ere "the night cometh when no man can work."

And if, as we believe, his life was a shining success let us remember:

"He achieved success because he lived well, laughed often and loved much; because he enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; because he filled his niche and accomplished his task; because he left the world better than he found it by a life of service and sacrifice; because he never lacked an appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; because he always looked for the best in others and always gave them the best he had; because his life was an inspiration and his memory a benediction."



The Administration Building

Dr. Stewart: Sanatorium Superintendent

By DR. E. L. ROSS
Medical Superintendent, The Sanatorium Board of Manitoba



It was my great privilege to have been associated with Dr. Stewart as his Medical Assistant for twelve years, and it is an honour for me on behalf of his Sanatorium friends to join in paying tribute to his memory. The spirit, enthusiasm, influence and inspiration of Dr. Stewart so permeated the Institution that I still feel his hovering spirit as a guiding light. It has been indicated in previous addresses how Dr. Stewart exemplified the idealist, the votary, the pioneer, the teacher, the historian, the naturalist, the artist and the citizen. We at



the Sanatorium admired him for these many and great qualities, but we loved him for Dr. Stewart himself—for his true and loyal friendship.

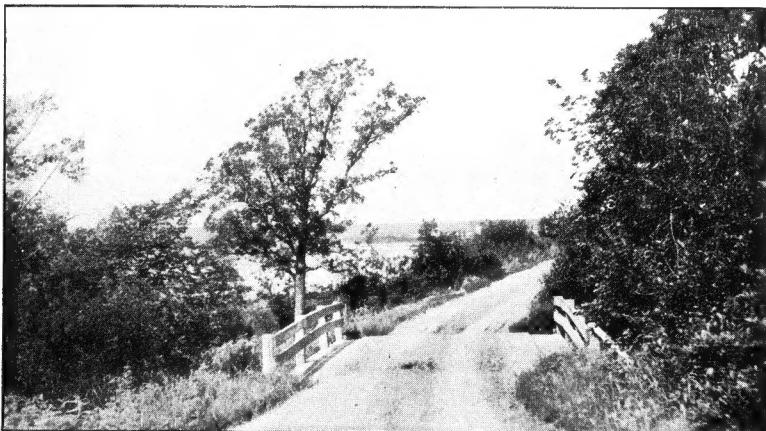
Dr. Stewart looked upon patients and staff as one big family, remonstrated and praised them as a father and expected the rigid standard of Sanatorium life that this Presbyterian head of the family himself followed.

He was not only the sick man's physician, but, equally important in the treatment of tuberculosis, he was his friend and counsellor in all problems. He had a tremendous capacity for details pertaining to

everything and everybody at the Sanatorium. Dr. Stewart would not tolerate a slacker, either patient or staff, but he was as much, or even more interested in how spare time was spent. All waste to him was criminal and, worst of all, waste of time.

As one would expect, a man with such extraordinary personality was held in greatest respect and reverence, and even fear. When his lock of hair was especially low on his forehead you could be certain that something disturbing had happened, or was about to happen. The many familiar personal characteristics are memories never to be forgotten. His life was a radiance of faith in his fellowmen, of vision, of fortitude, of courage, of love and charity.

He possessed the true missionary spirit. In 1910 the Sanatorium began in a small way with only 65 beds, and through the vision, energy and driving force of Dr. Stewart gradually expanded to the Institution it is today. What impressed visitors to the Sanatorium, and which the nature of Dr. Stewart could not help but promote, was, in his own words, "The spirit of the place." It was in reality the spirit of the man. His greatest work was this Sanatorium. It was his love and pride, and is the true memorial of him to the people of this Province. The epitaph on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral would be very appropriate for Dr. Stewart — "If you would see his monument, look around."



The Lake Shore Road

